Enter Iago.

Caſ. Welcome *Iago*, we muſt to the watch.

Iag. Not this houre Leiutenant, tis not yet ten a clock: our Generall caſt vs thus early for the loue of his *Deſdemona*, who let vs not therefore blame, he hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and ſhe is ſport for *Ioue*.

Caſ. She is a moſt exquiſite Lady.

Iag. And Ile warrant her full of game.

Caſ. Indeed ſhe is a moſt freſh and delicate creature.

Iag. What an eye ſhe has?
Me thinkes it ſounds a parly of prouocation.

Caſ. An inuiting eye, and yet me thinkes right modeſt.

Iag. And when ſhe ſpeakes, tis an alarme to loue.

Caſ. She is indeed perfection.

Iag. Well, happineſſe to their ſheetes—come Leiutenant, I haue a ſtope of Wine, and heere without are a brace of *Cyprus* Gallants, that would faine haue a meaſure to the health of the blacke *Othello*.

Caſ. Not to night, good *Iago*; I haue very poore and vnhappy braines for drinking: I could well wiſh courteſie would inuent ſome other cuſtome of entertainement.

Iag. O they are our friends,—but one cup: Ile drinke for you.

Caſ. I ha drunke but one cup to night, and that was craftily qualified too, and behold what innouation it makes here: I am vnfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not taske my weakeneſſe with any more.

Iag. What man, tis a night of Reuells, the Gallants deſire it.

Caſ. Where are they?

Iag. Here at the dore, I pray you call them in.

Caſ. Ile do't, but it diſlikes me. *Exit.*

Iag. If I can faſten but one cup vpon him,
With that which he hath drunke to night already,
Hee'l be as full of quarrell and offence,
As my young miſtris dog:—Now my ſicke foole *Roderigo*,
(Whom loue has turn'd almoſt the wrong ſide outward)
To *Deſdemona*, hath to night carouſt
Potations pottle deepe, and he's to watch:
Three Leads of *Cyprus*, noble ſwelling ſpirits,

(That

(That hold their honour, in a wary diſtance,
The very Elements of this warlike Iſle,)
Haue I to night fluſtred with flowing cups,
And the watch too: now mongſt this flock of drunkards,
I am to put our *Caſſio* in ſome action,
That may offend the Iſle; *Enter* Montanio, Caſſio,
But here they come: *and others.*
If conſequence doe but approoue my dreame,
My boate ſailes freely, both with wind and ſtreame.

Caſ. Fore God they haue giuen me a rouſe already.

Mon. Good faith a little one, not paſt a pint,
As I am a Soldier.

Iag. Some wine hoe:
And let me the Cannikin clinke, clinke,
And let me the Cannikin clinke, clinke:
A Souldier's a man, a life's but a ſpan,
Why then let a Souldier drinke.—Some wine boyes.

Caſ Fore heauen an excellent ſong.

Iag. I learn'd it in *England*, where indeed they are moſt potent in potting: your *Dane*, your *Germane*, and your ſwag-bellied *Hollander*, (drinke ho,) are nothing to your *Engliſh*.

Caſ. Is your *Engliſh* man ſo exquiſite in his drinking?

Iag. Why he drinkes you with facillity, your *Dane* dead drunke: he ſweates not to ouerthrow your *Almaine*; he giues your *Hollander* a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fild.

Caſ. To the health of our Generall.

Mon. I am for it Leiutenant, and I will doe you iuſtice.

Iag. O ſweet England,—
King Stephen *was and a worthy Peere,*
His breeches coſt him but a crowne,
He held 'em ſixpence all to deere,
With that he cald the Taylor lowne,
He was a wight of high renowne,
And thou art but of low degree,
Tis pride that puls the Country downe,
Then take thine auld cloke about thee.—Some wine ho.

Caſ. Why, this is a more exquiſite ſong then the other.

Iag. Will you heat't agen?